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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 21, 1855.

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EDITORS of newspapers who have noticed THE CRAYON will please send us marked copies.

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Sketchings.

OUR remarks on lotteries in No. 6, seem to have caused some uneasiness in several directions, and considerable opposition to them has been expressed. We are conscious that there are several artists of good standing who get rid of their pictures in this way; but, in the expression of a general truth, essential to the well-being of Art, we cannot be stayed by consideration of any set of artists or other men interested in Art. Our object is the advancement of Art, not the bettering of the pecuniary condition of its professors; and we are sure that only by consulting the general good can the true interest of any one artist be attained.

There is no *cliqueism* in THE CRAYON—its policy is to keep apart from all individual and partial interests; and, if it be found necessary to its existence to conciliate the few by dishonesty towards the many, better that it should finish its existence at once. We did not commence its publication because we wanted something to do, but because we believed there was a place and work for it. If in this we were mistaken, and there is no call for it, we shall not make one by courting the influence either of those who have pictures to sell or reputations to achieve. With Mr. This or Mr. That, and their ideas of things, we have nothing to do: we have our own ideas of the course to be pursued, and if those ideas are false, we must abdicate and wait for some one wiser than we to make another attempt.

Neither for our personal likings or dislikings will the tone of THE CRAYON ever be anything but earnest, charitable, and straightforward; and if there should be artists whom we love not, the readers of the paper shall never have

reason to believe it. Be our ability what it may—no one shall question the higher quality of honesty. Artists who must be stilted into place by lotteries or undeserved pufferies, may keep their places if they can—we shall in no wise interfere with them unless compelled to do so by a sense of duty, in which case we shall act freely and fearlessly.

In following this course we shall, doubtless, make enemies of many—we have of some, already; but, if the injury thence arising to us is greater than the benefit of acting justly and impartially—if the enmity of the few is more potent than the kind regards of the great mass of those whose interests are the same as ours, then is it not yet time to have started THE CRAYON, and we should, indeed, be unworthy of success if we were capable of taking unworthy means to obtain or preserve it.

OWING to the illness of one of the Editors last week, and the consequent extra load of business on the other, our affairs were a little deranged, and some vexatious typographical errors occurred. In Mr. Durand's letter, page 98, line 8, the word *intuition* was changed into *intention*; a serious error, but one which the proof-reader would hardly be able to detect. In the article on Daguerreotypes in "Sketching"—line 13, "a sketch" is turned into "which;" and in the Reminiscence of Turner, "complaining rocks" is changed to "complaining rocks." The proof-reader says of the latter, in apology, that having read of "howling wildernesses" and "agitated seas," he didn't see why rocks shouldn't complain.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Will you please send me another copy of THE CRAYON; one will not do for my family. John is so taken up with the directions for the artist, that he would monopolise each number, if he could; but Mary is perfectly amazed with the æsthetic development of her own mind, and begins to think she will some day comprehend questions which had always been to her a mystery—viz., what is beauty, and by what rule is it determined? Julia, not wishing to yield her privilege of the first reading, finds excuse for carrying the sheet wherever she goes, not only to read for her own direct benefit, but that she may have occasion to discuss with her elder acquaintance the questions she thinks now most important. Well, the week is far spent before little Euphemia gets a look at THE CRAYON, and then comes a new sheet, clean and white. The contrast demonstrates the necessity of *æsthetics* in books also, for a clean bound volume of THE CRAYON will be in keeping with the *beautiful* so ably delineated by it. I think with you that there is a *duty* in Art as well as in other things; but how can we learn this duty so as to adapt our aims to proper ends, unless by studying the principles of Art, to secure a good understanding of them for ourselves and our families. My neighbor Mrs. F. is notorious for peculiarity of dress; she changes her fashion as often as the critics notice her want of taste. My daughters often inquire of their mother why Mrs. F. does not dress so as to appear becoming. Said Julia one day, "She changes often enough, one would think, to appear well by chance, if there were such a thing possible." Her mother replied that "she did not know why she displayed such want of taste, unless that she did not understand the *æsthetics of dress*." "Well, then, mother, don't let us grow up ignorant of this important science." So you see the question of *duty* in Art is becoming quite serious in the minds of your readers, and I rejoice in the prospect.

Yours, truly, T.

FRIEND CRAYON:—Were I an artist, an educated lover of the beautiful, an expression of the pleasure derived through you, would be becoming; but such, unfortunately, is not the case. The beauties and harmonies recognised in the outward world, are simply enjoyed; and without stopping to inquire the why, or the wherefore, it all seemeth proper, good and beautiful. As I would not too critically analyse the opening glow of the coming day, or count the myriad dew drops which sparkle on foliage, blade, and flower; as I would shrink from giving expression to the feelings awakened by the glorious tints of the rising sun; so I fear, all untutored as I am, to give word-form to the welcome extended to you, my teacher, coming laden with instruction to one who, loving nature, would fain love Art as an exponent thereof.

So benighted am I in matters of Art, that I am sadly puzzled to recognise in the works of our artists, the charms which so attract in the field of nature. I cannot doubt they are right, and give the proper interpretation to the harmonious effects, ever present in the out door studio. Must not a doubt, a feeling of incompetency in Art be felt, when one turns constantly unsatisfied from the canvas, and longs to linger where Nature paints?

Now and then a picture leaves its impress, and is remembered as an experience of my life. Among these is the "Delivery of Leyden," by Wittkamp—as I have sat before it looking into the wan, haggard, yet joyful faces of these noble defenders of Leyden, and marked the joy of deliverance, blending with gratitude to heaven and their noble leader. I rejoiced with them, and hailed the approaching relief as though my own fate was blended with theirs. The truly great character of the worthy burgomaster, with upturned eyes thanking his God for the great deliverance, contrasts finely with the bold warlike face of the military chief Van der Does, who relies upon the material aid the fleet is bearing to the physical prostration of his soldiers; he evidently believes he has deserved this aid of heaven, by the stout resistance he has made. One feels with such men around him, strong to battle with great wrongs, and to endure in the cause of right the bitterest extremities, confident that the true will prevail, that when man's power is nought, the powers of nature will themselves war for him. Grouping, drawing, color, and manipulation, were nothing; the story, of courageous endurance past, of relief and deliverance at hand, were alone seen, and I felt that it was truly told; and it seemed to me, as though they must be even the portraits of the men who could so endure, so act. Here, thought I, is a picture I can in part comprehend—and I was hopeful for the future, that Art was not a sealed book to me.

When your Philadelphia correspondent, of January 10, again shut the door on me, turned me ruthlessly from the very foot of the altar; when I read his comments on this picture, it appeared that I had been rejoicing (savage that I am) over a "*somewhat*" painful incident—"the famishing of a besieged populace," just at the moment when "the worthy burgomaster offers himself a sacrifice, that his flesh may prolong the life of those dying around him." At the first flush, it seemed, indeed, "somewhat painful"—but how mistaken I had been. The worthy burgomaster having much won my heart, by his noble mien, and calm, self-reliant dignity, and remembering there was a bold soldierly figure kneeling and (to my newly-awakened fears) ready to devour his right hand, I hurried to the academy to put a stop to the catastrophe, by informing the cannibal, who was bent on biting my friend, that relief was at hand: arriving safely, and sitting before the picture, I realized the importance of a proper key to read the intent of the artist. By the key furnished by your correspondent it became plain that the brave Capt. der Laan, who had

just returned with the food-laden fleet, is treacherously kneeling, and praying his governor to yield his body to the famishing multitude—the joy and gratitude depicted on his face must arise from a preparatory bite taken from the hand he so lovingly holds: on looking for the bleeding wound, I discovered that the artist had forgotten to give it. The bold, eagle-eyed chief, “Van der Does,” with his eye thoughtfully resting on the fleet, is carefully allowing his friend to make himself ridiculous. The patient and good, though very hungry, preacher leans lovingly on the victim’s shoulder, to claim the churches’ share in the sacrifice: the eye, too, of gentle woman is bent on him; but the artist has signally failed in giving the wolfish expression of hunger—they look rather lovingly. With the *new* key, the intent of the artist must be to represent the dikes broken down—the sea rushing in even to the walls of the city, driving the invading Spaniards before, and bearing the succoring fleet upon its bosom. The artist has seized the moment the fleet has arrived in full sight, to represent the governor as advancing upon a point of land outside the city gate, and barely above the waves, he stands almost within reach of the boats; the coming succor is heralded by the loaf of bread held above the crowd, and he is calmly “offering his body to sustain the life of the dying”—a bold stroke of Art, according to this reading, was it not?

Enough has been written to make evident how hopeless is my effort to understand artistic creations, yet I am strong to strive. “Help me, Cassius, or I sink.”

Yours, D.

P.S.—The proposition of the “worthy burgo-master” has not been accepted.

D. need not consider as in any wise infallible the dicta of THE CRAYON or its correspondents. We having never seen the picture alluded to, cannot decide between him and W. C.—they must settle the matter between them. THE CRAYON is open to all who have anything to say of Art—that is, if it be worth saying—and we shall not hold ourselves responsible for what is said, except it be by our appointed correspondents.

If we mistake not, the incident was as W. C. characterizes it; but we did not understand his letter as critical so much as descriptive.

We are sorry if THE CRAYON has done anything to confuse our friend D., but he must remember that in Art, especially, is “private judgment” of indispensable value—not what is shown you, but what you learn to see, profits you. So read THE CRAYON if you will, but always afterward *think for yourself*. This is the highest result we ever hope for in our labors.

An artist reader sends us, in reply to our article on Art Lotteries, a communication, from which we give the only passage that seems pertinent:

“I am an humble, unknown landscape painter, with a great mission to perform, upon which I have just entered. Meanwhile, and until I win a name by earnest application and study, how shall I gain a livelihood for myself and family, if I have no means beyond my talents? Will you not, under such circumstances, consider it advisable for me to sell my pictures for what I can get for them, rather than to keep them because I cannot command their real value? I believe most young artists err here materially. People will not buy the works

of young and unknown men, no matter how much talent they may exhibit; and I cannot help thinking that, while they are unknown to fame, they might much rather dispose of their works, however highly they prize them, for much less than their actual value, and thus be enabled to go on with their study of Art, untrammelled by pecuniary cares, which almost invariably come hand in hand with a devotion to Art.”

There are two points here we want to notice. If the writer has, indeed, a “great mission to perform,” he may be well assured that the Power which gave him the mission, will give him the means to perform it; and he shows himself unworthy of his election, if he proves faithless with regard to its support. The apostles who are really *sent* are not forgotten in their labors; nor do we believe they ever are much troubled as to their future. The “chosen souls” are fearless, as well as earnest.

“People will not buy the works of young and unknown men.” This is a position, to which men who attract no attention turn, to hide from themselves the true cause of their obscurity. We may have little experience in such matters, but we can assure our readers that, so far as it goes, we have found that the slightest work, really thorough and excellent in its way, is sure to attract attention, both from artists and from picture-buyers. In our country men don’t remain hidden long after they do things *really* worth attention, though there are many cases where men of little worth have grown into high popularity from circumstances foreign to Art. The fact is, that few young artists are aware how superficially they work the mines of intellect in them—none, we are sure, feel how deep they might dig. They think they are working earnestly, when in fact it is only assiduously. There is such a thing as working hard, and doing nothing.

RESPONSE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As you have been pleased, in a manner so kind and complimentary, to introduce me *personally* to your readers, it may be expected of me, as one who is toasted at a public entertainment, to make some kind of response, not so much arising from the vanity it might excite, as the unfeigned desire to turn the incident to some useful account. That I should possess the “harmony of spirit and youthfulness of feeling,” which you so warmly commend, is indeed a blessing to my old age; and though I may have little claim to offer myself, in any manner, as an example to the young artists your pages are calculated to instruct, yet I feel too strong an interest in the glorious career which they are running, to refuse myself, on this occasion, the gratification to offer them the counsel of my age and experience, satisfied that my “harmony of spirit and youthfulness of feeling,” are the united results of my zealous love of Art, and the temperance of my habits. How many men of excellent genius have been led astray, by kindness of heart, to receive the ill-directed homage of enemies in the guise of friends, offered at the plethoric supper table with the intoxicating draught? I know the temptation, but have profited by the example of a temperate father. I refused the wine which has been offered me by the kind hospitality of the South; but in England, disgusted by the filth of the Thames and Paddington canal water, I learned to drink their draught ale, till I relished it better than the pump water of our cities, on my

return home; but as we then had no such pleasant draught ale, I again had recourse to water. In France and Italy I relished their mild wines, and imagined that they did me no harm, till the water of the Schuylkill, like that of your Croton River, convinced me that water was the best drink, designed by heaven—at least for an artist who wishes to retain his mental and physical faculties. And now, at seventy-seven, if my extended hand is as steady as it was at eighteen, may I not entreat the young men of talents, whom I see rising around me, to secure by undeviating temperance, a “harmony of spirit and youthfulness of feeling,” in their gloriously proud efforts to cultivate the beautiful Arts

REMBRANDT PEALE.

VESUVIUS.—Our Neapolitan Correspondent writes:—“The expectations of the visitors have been much raised by the prospect of an eruption of Vesuvius. Indeed, for a year past there have been predictions and appearances of such an event, though at present they have assumed a greater probability. On the top of the cone of Vesuvius, says an accurate observer, a large and deep abyss has opened, from which issues much smoke. It lies near the base of the Punta del Palo, the name given to one of the three craggy points at the top of the cone facing the north. Its diameter is about 100 metres, and depth somewhat more. Its walls present a series of strata of basalt, broken, however, for the reason that a part of the interior of the crater has fallen in. The soil surrounding this abyss presents wide fissures, showing that a great part of it threatens to sink in; and, indeed, a considerable space about the Punta del Palo must shortly be swallowed up in the abyss. To the geologist the present appearance of Vesuvius must be very interesting, as the cut through the crater is so clear and deep as to reveal distinctly the several stratifications. The usual path to the cone is now interrupted, and great care is required not to approach too near the precipice, as the soil is ready to be precipitated into the same abyss which has already thrown out so much material. The old guides say that everything indicates an approaching eruption; but as yet the smoke does not issue with a sufficient impetus, perhaps, to justify that belief. Indeed, the present smoke may be only vapor arising from the copious rains which have fallen through the various fissures into a higher temperature, and are being again ejected in another form. Should the Punta del Palo fall in, the strongest point in the top of Vesuvius will be wanting, and the form of the mountain will be altogether changed.”—*Athenæum*.

GOUPIL & Co. have just received a picture by Horace Vernet, which will be on exhibition at their gallery, 366 Broadway. The subject is “Joseph and his Brethren after the dipping of his coat in the blood.” We shall notice it at length next week.

Scheffer’s “Temptation” will return to Paris in a few days.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—We are informed that 4,500 persons, during the past month, availed themselves of the opportunity to inspect the examples and casts supplied by the Government at a reduced price to the Exeter School of Art; and that thereby many were led to avail themselves of the advantages offered by the school may be inferred from the fact, that no less than seventy-two have already joined the artisan’s class, a number unprecedented at the commencement of any one of the forty-eight schools established in this country. The other classes are also well attended, and there can be little doubt that the school will be entirely successful.

A mine of Roman antiquities seems to have been discovered at the village of Whitton, near Ipswich. A tessellated pavement of some beauty and several walls have already been laid open.

The German Art papers speak highly of a grand historical picture by Herr Feuerbach, of Karlsruhe. The subject is the Death of Aretino, the satirist, a famous poet of the sixteenth century, who died at a drunken feast. He is represented crowned with ivy, and the cup is dropping from his freezing hand.

The whole Academy of Vienna are employed in illustrating a prayer-book, as a present to the Empress of Austria. The *Deutsches Kunstblatt* speaks of it as creditable to the Art of the present century.

The grave and altar of Pope Alexander (a martyr) have been lately discovered in the Via Momentana, at Rome. Pillars, richly ornamented, support the vault, which is descended to by a flight of steps. Marble slabs, with inscriptions of the fourth century, have also been found; and the works are pushing on, in spite of the rains, with great zeal.

On the Continent, Art receives every week some public acknowledgment. The other day the King of the Belgians knighted Carl Hubner, a painter who has lately gained honors.—*Athenæum*.

WILL OPEN! NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

The Thirtieth Annual Exhibition
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ARTISTS will please send their usual list to the undersigned, at the *University*, as soon as possible; and they are particularly desired to have their works in readiness by, or *immediately after the first day of March*, as the arrangements will absolutely forbid the admission of any contribution whatever, *later than Monday the 5th*. They must remember also, that the limited capacity of the present temporary galleries will necessarily confine every exhibitor to a smaller space on the walls than heretofore.

Varnishing day will be on Saturday the 10th March, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., without further notice.

By order of the Council,

T. ADDISON RICHARDS,

Corresponding Secretary, N. A.

New York, Feb. 21st, 1855. 3t

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